

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Enter Edward and Richard, with Drum and Soldiours.*

*Edw.* After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,  
How doth my noble brother *Richard* fare?

*Rich.* I cannot ioy vntill I be resolu'd,  
Where our right valiant father is become.  
How often did I see him beare himselfe,  
As doth a Lyon midst a heard of Neat,  
So fled the enemies from our valiant Father,  
Methinkes tis pride enough to be his sonne.

*Three sunnes appeare in the Ayre.*

*Edw.* Lo, how the morning opes her golden gates,  
And takes her farwell of the glorious sunne,  
Dazle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

*Rich.* Three glorious sunnes, not separated by a racking cloud  
But seuered in a pale cleere shining sky.  
See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,  
As if they vowd some league inuiolate.  
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one sunne,  
In this the heauens doth figure some euent.

*Edw.* I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,  
That we the sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,  
Already each one shining by his meed,  
May ioyne in one, and ouer-peere the world,  
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,  
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire shining suns.  
But what art thou that look'st so heauily?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Oh, one that was a wofull looker on,  
When as the noble Duke of Yorke was slaine.

*Edw.* Oh speake no more, for I can heare no more.

*Rich.* Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.

*Mes.* VVhen as the noble Duke was put to flight,  
and then pursude by *Clifford* and the *Queene*,  
and many souldiours moe, who all at once  
Let driue at him, and forc't the Duke to yeeld,

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

And then they set him on a mole-hill there  
And crown'd the gracious Duke in high do  
VVho then with teares began to waile his  
The ruthlesse *Queene* perceiuing he did w  
Gae him a handkercher to wipe his eyes,  
Dipt in the blood of sweet young *Rutland*,  
By rough *Clifford* slaine: who weeping to  
Then through his brest they thrust their b  
VVho like a Lambe fell at the butchers fee  
Then on the gates of *Yorke* they set his he  
And there it doth remaine the pitteous sp  
That ere mine eyes beheld.

*Edw.* Sweet Duke of *Yorke*, our prop  
Now thou art gone, there is no hope for v  
Now my soules Palace is become a priso  
Oh would she breake from compasse of m  
For neuer shall I haue more ioy.

*Rich.* I cannot weepe, for all my breast  
Scarfe serues to quench my furnace burni  
I cannot ioy till this white Rose be dy'd  
Euen in the heart blood of the house of L  
*Richard*, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge  
Or dye my selfe in seeking of reuenge.

*Edw.* His name that valiant Duke hat  
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines

*Rich.* Nay, if thou be that Princely Ba  
Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the S  
For Chaire, and Dukedome; Throne and  
For either that is thine, or else thou wert

*Enter the Earle of Warwick, Mont  
ancient, and souldiers*

*War.* How now faire Lords: what fa

*Rich.* Ah *Warwicke*, should we report  
And at each words deliuerance, stab Por  
Till all were told, the words would add  
More anguish then the wounds.

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